

The Man in the High Castle

Premiere Episode

Written By

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Directed by

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A1 A MUSICAL FANFARE, stirring and triumphant. A TITLE CARD -- A1
OUR PROUD NATION

Then -- NEWSREEL FILM, over-saturated Kodachrome color --

ADOLF HITLER

*

Greets Nazi Officers at his mountaintop retreat in Bavaria.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

A grateful nation congratulates the
Führer on the eve of his 50th
anniversary as Reichs chancellor.

At 73, Hitler looks grandfatherly, his hair and toothbrush
moustache gone gray. His right hand is stuffed in his pocket.
His wife, EVA BRAUN, 50s, by his side.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

An era of strength and prosperity
such as the world has never known.

1 INT. MOVIE THEATRE - **NIGHT 1**

1 *

JOE BLAKE, late 20s, sits in the crowd. He checks his watch,
on edge, having a hard time focusing on the screen, where --

ANGLE - THE COLOR NEWSREEL

Shows SOLDIERS firing *Karabiners*, TANKS crushing walls.
Luftwaffe PLANES strafe cities, buildings ABLAZE --

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The Führer's iron will was forged
by six years of bloody world war --

ATOMIC MUSHROOM CLOUDS explode, leaving CITIES as VAST RUINS,
littered with THOUSANDS OF CORPSES --

NARRATOR (V.O.)

-- ending with deployment of the
Heisenberg device.

Solemn SURRENDER CEREMONIES --

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Our enemies vanquished, the Führer
determined to build a better
world...

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

COLOR FILM of JEWS rounded up, shops broken and burned.
HEROIC MUSIC stirs --

NARRATOR (V.O.)
A world cleansed of Jews, gypsies,
homosexuals and cripples...

OFFICE CLERKS in skyscrapers, FACTORY WORKERS at massive
assembly lines, FARMERS ploughing fields --

NARRATOR (V.O.)
A world united in common purpose.
All content in their work. All
looking toward a better future.

A MAN, 30s, slicked hair, sits beside Joe. He keeps his eyes
on the screen, passes Joe a SLIP OF PAPER. Music building --

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The Third Reich, the greatest
industrial and agricultural force
in history.

Joe picks up an overnight bag, starts out. Behind him, a NAZI *
EAGLE fills the screen.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Heil, Hitler!

CUT TO: *

2 INT. THEATRE - LOBBY - NIGHT 1 2 *

Vaulted ceilings, ornate scrollwork. A MAN wipes the candy *
counter while a CIGARETTE GIRL, tray around her neck and *
fishnet stockings, picks at her red nails, bored. *

The sound of a cartoon spills from inside the theatre as Joe *
makes his way past. He's anxious, but tries not to show it. *
He doesn't want to attract attention. *

CUT TO: *

3 EXT. THEATRE - NIGHT 1 3 *

The marquee advertises *The Punch Party*, a remake of a frothy *
Nazi comedy starring Rock Hudson and June Allyson. *

Joe steps out, makes sure no one's watching. Then reaches for *
the slip of paper. An AMERICAN EAGLE stamped on one side. On *
the other, the words "*Lariat Manager, 4112 East Montauk.*" *

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

Joe tucks the paper back in his pocket, then runs across the street, dodging CHECKER CABS. Only now we see we're in -- *

TIMES SQUARE. GIANT NEON BILLBOARDS pulse and strobe. But instead of ads for Coca-Cola and Camels, an enormous SWASTIKA and signs bearing NAZI SLOGANS: *

Work Is Freedom... Productive Capitalism... Strength Through Happiness... The Common Good Before the Private Good. *

A LEGEND reads: **Nazi-Occupied New York City, 1962.**

As Joe disappears down a subway entrance --

CUT TO:

A WOMAN stares at camera, sweat beaded on her brow, eyes fierce and focused. This is JULIANA CRAIN, late 20s. We're:

4 INT. DOJO - DAY 1

4 *

Juliana stands opposite a BEEFY JAPANESE MAN, both in aikido dress. STUDENTS line the mat. A moment before battle, then --

The Beefy Man LUNGES at Juliana -- she deflects -- grabs his wrist -- sends him TUMBLING on his ass.

We TRACK past the other students. All Japanese, all men in their 30s and 40s. All frowning, clearly rooting for the Beefy Man to beat this female upstart, except --

A skinny TEENAGER, who stares at Juliana, adoring, and -- NAKAMURA, the instructor's *shomen*, watching impassively.

Beefy Man gets back on his feet, ready for another try. In CUTS -- he reaches for Juliana -- she JABS his chest -- THROWS HIM -- flips him over. Again. And AGAIN. AND AGAIN.

Nakamura stands, ends the match. The Teenager sees the other men's dismay. Nakamura kneels to Beefy Man, on his knees.

NAKAMURA

You alright?

Beefy Man nods, winded. Nakamura smiles, good-natured.

NAKAMURA (CONT'D)

Only your ego is bruised. This is the beauty of aikido. It is not about harming your opponent. It does not attack, it defends.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

He directs Beefy Man back to his place at the mat's edge.

NAKAMURA (CONT'D)

It requires skill, not strength, to
turn an opponent's aggression
against him. That is how a woman
can defeat a man twice her size.

He smiles at Juliana, who smiles back, modest but pleased.

TIME CUT TO:

Class over, Juliana packs her gear. She feels the glares of
the other students, ignores them. The Teenager approaches.

TEENAGER

Miss Crain, congratulations.

JULIANA

Thank you, Doni. You can call me
Juliana, you know.

She hooks a necklace with a delicate heart-shaped PENDANT.

DONI

Your necklace. It's very lovely.

JULIANA

Thanks. My boyfriend made it.

DONI

(trace of disappointment)
Ah. Is he an artist?

JULIANA

He used to be.

Mustering his courage --

DONI

Juliana... Would you -- would you
allow me to buy you some tea?

JULIANA

I can't. My mother's expecting me.
(sees his disappointment)
How about tomorrow? Before class?

Off Doni's smile --

*

- 5 EXT. STREET - **DAY 1** 5 *
- Juliana, bag over her shoulder, walks out of the dojo. Passes RICKSHAWS, JAPANESE SOLDIERS, SIGNS IN KANJI, and A BANNER being hoisted, *Welcome H.I.H. the Crown Prince and Princess.* *
- As Juliana walks, CAMERA RISES UP, revealing -- the San Francisco SKYLINE, the Golden Gate Bridge spanning the bay. A LEGEND reads: **Japanese-Occupied San Francisco.** *
- 6 EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - **NIGHT 1** 6 *
- A seedy neighborhood in East New York. An ELEVATED MONORAIL glides past, the skyscrapers of Manhattan beyond. Joe exits the station, glances at the slip of paper. *
- A SIGN confirms this is Montauk Avenue. He looks down the block, sees "Lariat Shipping & Moving." He heads toward it, passing -- *
- GESTAPO OFFICERS questioning a MAN, examining his identity papers under a street light. One officer -- BALD, prominent HOOKED NOSE -- eyes Joe. Joe averts his gaze, keeps going.
- As he pulls open the door to Lariat Shipping -- *
- 7 INT. LARIAT SHIPPING - **NIGHT 1** 7 *
- Whirr of power tools, hiss of a blow torch. It's busy even at this hour, MECHANICS working on long-haul trucks.
- A man points Joe to an office on the second floor. Joe passes another MECHANIC, 30s, muscled with PRISON TATS. He glances at him, then goes back to work --
- 8 INT. LARIAT SHIPPING - OFFICE - **NIGHT 1** 8 *
- Joe knocks on the half-open door, then steps inside. Sees a MAN facing the window.
- JOE
- Are you the manager? Mr. Warren?
- DON WARREN, 50s, unshaven, doesn't turn. He's facing a bank of black & white SURVEILLANCE MONITORS. One of them, he sees the Gestapo Officers questioning the Man on the street. *
- WARREN
- Yeah. *

(CONTINUED)

JOE
I'm Joe Blake.

WARREN
So?

JOE
I was told you have a job.

WARREN
And who told you that, Joe Blake?

Joe smiles, polite, nervous.

JOE
I didn't get his name. Just this.

Joe sets down the paper. Warren turns, sees it on his desk. Studies the American eagle symbol. Then looks at Joe.

WARREN
So this is what they send me now.
How old are you, 28?

JOE
27.

WARREN
27. What the hell you doing here,
Joe Blake?

JOE
I... I want my country back.

WARREN
You want it back? You never had it.

JOE
Sir?

WARREN
You were still sucking your thumb
when they dropped the bomb. This
shit hole's the only country you've
ever known.

JOE
My father told me what it was like.
Before the war, I mean.

Joe takes out a Zippo lighter, ignites the paper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WARREN
Your father, huh.

JOE
He said every man was free.

The paper consumed by flames. Warren drops it in an ashtray.

WARREN
How do I know you're not a spy?

JOE
A spy...?

Warren taps a German cigarette out of a pack.

WARREN
The Resistance -- what's left of it
-- is shot through with them. Half
my friends are dead. Guess that's
why they're down to kids like you.

JOE
I'm not a spy.

Joe lights the cigarette. Breathes out a stream of smoke.

WARREN
You know what those brownshirts out
there would do if they caught you?

JOE
I'm not afraid to die.

WARREN
Me, either. Might be kind of a
relief actually. But how you feel
about pain?

JOE
Pain...

WARREN
Yeah, when they're plucking your
fingernails out one by one. Or
cracking your balls open like
walnuts. That's when maybe you stop
caring what your old man said and
tell Johnny Jackboot out there my
name, just about anything else he
wants.

*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (3)

JOE

You're so afraid, why are you here?

WARREN

I fought in the war, kid. I saw my buddies' brains get blown out on Virginia Beach. You... you're just a punk who could get me caught.

Joe thinks. After a beat --

JOE

I guess I am afraid of pain. I don't have any buddies who died in the war, and I don't really know what freedom is. But I'm not a punk and I'm not a spy, Mr. Warren. I'm here because I want to do the right thing. So you going to give me the job or not?

Warren exhales smoke. Thinking.

CUT TO:

9 OMITTED

9 *

10 INT. HERBAL SHOP - DAY 1

10 *

Shelves lined with Chinese herbs in glass jars and boxes. Japanese foot traffic, signage outside the shop window. A BELL rings as Juliana enters. An old lady HERBALIST nods.

*
*

HERBALIST

Konnichiwa.

JULIANA

Konnichiwa.

(consults a list)

I need some gentian root and meadowsweet...

HERBALIST

(broken English)

For you?

The BELL rings.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Jules...

Juliana sees her half-sister, TRUDY WALKER, mid 20s, hurrying in, breathless --

*

(CONTINUED)

TRUDY	JULIANA	*
(to Juliana)	(to the Herbalist)	*
I've been looking for you --	No, for my mother. My mother	*
	has arthritis.	

HERBALIST
Arthritis... One moment please.

The Herbalist goes to the back room. Juliana turns to Trudy, surprised to see her.

JULIANA
Trudy? You're back?

Trudy always has a reckless, Bohemian air, but especially today. She looks over her shoulder, as if expecting someone.

TRUDY	*
I'm not staying -- and don't tell	
Mom. I don't want the guilt thing.	

JULIANA
Where you been? I've been trying to reach you for weeks.

TRUDY
Sorry, I had work out of town.

JULIANA
(surprised)
You got a job?

Trudy knows she's been flakey. Proud but insecure --

TRUDY
Yeah, me. Can you believe it?

Juliana tries to hide her skepticism.

JULIANA
'Course I can. What... what is it?

Trudy senses her doubt. It stings, but she doesn't blame Juliana, just tries to blow past it --

TRUDY	*
I'll explain later. I -- I've got	
to go.	*

JULIANA	*
That's what you came to tell me?	
Hello and goodbye?	*

Trudy stops, sighs. There's so much she'd like to say. But so little she can. *

TRUDY *

You always looked after me, sis. *

But... you don't need to any more. *

Juliana smiles, confused -- and a little worried. *

JULIANA *

Oh yeah? Why is that? *

TRUDY *

I found... the reason. *

She's excited, thinks Juliana will understand what this means. But it only seems like more of Trudy's wacky talk. *

JULIANA *

The reason...? *

TRUDY *

(huge smile) *

For everything. *

Trudy pulls Juliana into a hug. With deep emotion -- *

TRUDY (CONT'D) *

Take care of yourself, sis. *

Trudy makes a quick smile, starts out. Leaving Juliana even more concerned -- *

JULIANA *

Trudy...? *

But now she's gone, and the Herbalist has returned. *

HERBALIST *

Gentian root and meadowsweet. Six *

yen. *

She sets down the herbs, neatly bundled in little brown paper-wrapped packets. Juliana reluctantly takes out her money. Her mind still on Trudy -- *

JULIANA *

Domo arigatou. *

Tattooed Mechanic bolts a tire on a car, raised on a lift.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

MAN'S VOICE

Doc!

He turns. Sees Warren outside his office, beckoning him. The mechanic, DOC, wipes his hands on a rag --

CUT TO:

12 INT. LARIAT SHIPPING - OFFICE - NIGHT 1

12 *

Doc spreads flat a MAP across the desk. Joe leans in. It shows the United States divided into sectors --

The **Greater Nazi Reich** occupies the country from the East through the Midwest. The **Japanese Pacific States** control the West, the Rocky Mountains acting as a **Neutral Zone** between.

Doc traces a path from New York to Cañon City, Colorado.

DOC

You'll take the autobahn all the way across the Reich, stopping here. Cañon City.

*

JOE

That's the neutral zone.

*

DOC

(to Warren)

So he can read a map, too?

JOE

What am I going to do there?

WARREN

You wait. Your contact will approach you if and when he determines it's safe.

JOE

And if he doesn't?

WARREN

Then the Nazis are onto you. You're dead.

Doc hands him an ENVELOPE.

JOE

What's this?

(CONTINUED)

DOC

Benzedrine. You get sleepy on the road, pop some. No stopping.

Joe looks at the little WHITE PILLS inside.

JOE

These why he calls you "Doc?"

DOC

(to Warren)

Woo-ee, this kid's fast. *

JOE

You can talk to me, you know. I'm in the room.

Doc smirks. Warren hands him a .45-caliber REVOLVER.

WARREN

Know how to use one of these?

JOE

What do I need that for?

WARREN

Any luck, you don't. You know how to use it or not?

Joe takes the gun, tucks it under his jacket.

JOE

I've seen the movies. Point. Shoot.

PRELAP A TRAILER GATE RATTLING SHUT, then CUT TO:

A SEMI TRUCK with a 16-foot trailer. Doc locks it as Warren walks Joe to the cab.

JOE

What's my cargo?

DOC

Good German coffee makers.

JOE

That's not what I meant.

Doc looks to Warren.

WARREN

You heard what curiosity did to the
cat? Coffee makers. Now get going.

Joe tosses his overnight bag into the cab of the truck, sits
behind the wheel. Turning over the engine.

JOE

See you when I get back?

WARREN

You'll never see us again. That's
the way it works. Take care, kid. *

Joe looks at Doc and Warren, sees their gruffness for what it
is -- cover, a way of not getting too close. Underneath it
all these are good men. When --

WHISTLES. Garage doors RATTLE OPEN -- KLIEG LIGHTS BLARE --
GESTAPO stream in -- German Shepherd DOGS BARKING -- A RAID.

Some Mechanics RUN, others raise hands in surrender. Doc
pulls out a WALTHER PPK, hidden in his waist -- starts
SHOOTING -- Warren shouts at Joe --

WARREN (CONT'D)

Drive! GO!

Instead Joe raises his gun, AIMS IT AT WARREN -- FIRES! But
the bullet doesn't hit Warren, it hits --

The HOOKED-NOSED OFFICER, behind Warren, about to shoot him.
He falls, BLOOD smearing concrete. Warren turns back to Joe.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Get the hell out of here!

Joe SHIFTS in reverse -- TIRES screech, truck barrelling away *
from us as Doc steps close in frame, SHOOTING PAST CAMERA, *
then turning. He and Warren running to the back, as -- *

A14

EXT. LARIAT SHIPPING - ALLEY - NIGHT 1

A14 *

Joe FISHTAILS on the road, Gestapo DIVING out of the way -- *

ANGLE - BACK ALLEY *

Warren and Doc burst out, Warren running one way, Doc the *
other -- Gestapo follow, letting DOGS OFF THEIR LEASHES --

(CONTINUED)

A14 CONTINUED:

A14

Doc scrambles over a fence, ESCAPING, but -- Warren runs, huffing and puffing for his life, DOGS GAINING, then -- JUMPING ON HIM -- BITING his arms and legs -- Warren BLEEDING, HELPLESS --

INSIDE THE TRUCK - JOE

Looks in his rear view mirror, sees Lariat growing smaller behind him -- HE'S LOST THE GESTAPO. He lets out a sigh, as -- *

B14 INT. LARIAT SHIPPING - NIGHT 1

B14 *

An Officer drags Warren, torn and bloody, back in the garage. *

OFFICER #1
Obergruppenführer Smith.

Hearing his name, JOHN SMITH, 40s, Brylcreemed hair, turns to face us. Tall with dark eyes and cold intelligence. *

His rank is German, but like all the Nazis here, Smith is American-born, speaks unaccented English. He looks at Warren, satisfied. Then turns to an AIDE, returning from the street. *

SMITH
And the truck?

AIDE
Gone.

CUT TO:

14 INT. APARTMENT - SAN FRANCISCO - EVENING 1

14 *

Modest, second-hand feel. Juliana is at the stove, pouring tea made from the gentian root she bought at the herbalist.

Her mother, ANNE CRAIN WALKER, sits in the living room, a game show on TV ("I've Got a Secret," a celebrity guest in Nazi uniform). Her stepfather, ARNOLD WALKER, reads a paper, the headline about the Japanese Crown Prince's visit.

ANNE
Ugh, those uniforms... I can't stand to watch. *

ARNOLD
So change it. *

ANNE
Then I won't find out his secret! *

(CONTINUED)

JULIANA
(bringing the tea)
Here you go.

ANNE
What's this? *

JULIANA
It's from the herbalist. *

ANNE
The Jap herbalist. *

ANNE drinks the tea but still grumbles. *

ANNE (CONT'D)
Jap tea, Jap karate... *

JULIANA
It's not karate, it's aikido. I was
first in class today, Ma.

ANNE
I don't know why you love the Japs
so much. They killed your father. *

JULIANA
C'mon, Ma. Mr. Nakamura's one of
the good guys. *

ANNE
They marched my poor John to his
death. Now his own daughter thinks
they're the good guys? *

ARNOLD
Exercise is good for her, Anne.
After the accident and all. *

ANNE
Your father's spinning in his
grave, I tell you that. *

This hurts Juliana, but she doesn't want to argue.

JULIANA
I have to go.

ANNE
Go? You just got here.

JULIANA
 (kisses Anne's cheek)
 Frank's waiting. *

ARNOLD
 I'll get your coat.

JULIANA *
Sayonara, mamasan... *

Anne purses her lips. Arnold goes to the door, holds up
 Juliana's coat. Juliana speaks out of earshot of her mother. *

JULIANA (CONT'D)
 I saw Trudy this afternoon.

ARNOLD
 Where'd she disappear to?

JULIANA
 She said she got some kind of job.

ARNOLD
 Oh brother. Why can't my own
 daughter be more like you?

Juliana feels defensive of her sister. Despite her own
 skepticism. Maybe because of it.

JULIANA
 She seemed good. Really. *

Arnold makes a "don't hold your breath" face. Then --

ARNOLD
 Your mother has a point, you know.
 About the aikido.

JULIANA
 I thought you were on my side.

ARNOLD
 I'm always on your side. But the
 Japs make the rules, not us. And it
 doesn't look right, a white woman
 studying yellow ways.

JULIANA
 This has nothing to do with race.

ARNOLD
 Oh no? How many white people in
 your class?

14 CONTINUED: (3)

14

Juliana frowns. Then goes.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. STREET - SAN FRANCISCO - EVENING 1

15 *

A CABLE CAR climbs up a hill, Japanese Rice-a-Roni (the "San Francisco treat") advertised on the rear panel. The street is lightly trafficked with pedestrians. Into frame steps --

TRUDY

A BLACK SACHEL over her shoulder, she looks apprehensive as she stops, surveils the scene --

JAPANESE SOLDIERS patrol nearby. Two JAPANESE MEN, in suits, loiter in an adjacent park, smoking. The coast seems clear. Gathering her nerve, Trudy heads toward --

THE PORT

HUGE CARGO SHIPS lit by mercury vapor lights, MEN with bare chests unloading CRATES and CONTAINERS.

RESUME - TRUDY

Approaching. But as she does, the Japanese Men start to calmly FOLLOW from a distance. They're SECRET POLICE. The Japanese Soldiers falling in line. Unseen by Trudy.

16 OMITTED

16 *

17 EXT. THE PORT - **EVENING 1**

17 *

A BEARDED MAN, 20s, thin, sees Trudy coming. He's been hauling crates, but now he stops, wipes his hands with a rag. Moves inside one of the cargo holds. Trudy follows him --

ANGLE - CARGO HOLD

Dark, lit by only a few bare bulbs. The Bearded Man quickly pulls on a shirt, buttons and tucks it in. Trudy enters --

TRUDY

Randall...?

The Bearded Man/RANDALL goes to her, kisses her.

RANDALL

You OK?

Trudy nods, trying to be brave.

(CONTINUED)

TRUDY

I'm OK.

He pulls out an IDENTICAL BLACK SATCHEL hidden behind a crate. Exchanges it with the one she's been holding.

TRUDY (CONT'D)

This is it?

RANDALL

That's it. See you tomorrow.

The words won't come -- she's too scared. She manages a nod.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

I love you, you know that?

TRUDY

(smiles)

I know.

RANDALL

Better get going.

Trudy takes the satchel, heads off. Randall going the other way as --

ANGLE - THE SECRET POLICEMEN

Enter the cargo hold. Find it EMPTY. The Man in charge wears WIRE FRAME GLASSES. Gives orders to the others in Japanese.

As they split up --

ANGLE - TRUDY

Moves past the ships, a view of Alcatraz Island beyond. She sees Japanese Soldiers coming after her, DUCKS OUT OF VIEW.

ANGLE - THE JAPANESE SOLDIERS

Pass. Only after they're gone do we find -- Trudy, hiding out of sight. As she moves off in the OTHER DIRECTION --

FRANK FRINK, 30s, nurses a beer, watching color TV showing the Crown Prince boarding an ocean liner in Tokyo, as -- Juliana enters. Frank stands, kisses her. To the Bartender:

(CONTINUED)

JULIANA *
 Sake cocktail. Where's Ed? *

FRANK *
 He's coming. You alright? *

JULIANA *
 Fine. *

She's not. Frank can tell. *

FRANK *
 What's the matter, Jules? *

Juliana thinks about denying it. Then sighs. *

JULIANA *
 My mom. She says Dad's spinning in
 his grave. Because I'm studying the
 "evil ways of the yellow man." And
 Arnold agrees with her. *

FRANK *
 Of course he does. *

JULIANA *
 Aikido has nothing to do with the
 men who killed my father. It's so
 beautiful -- it's... the opposite
 of those men. *

Juliana's cocktail arrives. She sighs. *

JULIANA (CONT'D) *
 I can't believe how screwed up the
 world is. *

FRANK *
 'Twas ever thus. And ever thus it
 shall be. *

JULIANA *
 I don't believe that. I don't
 believe you do, either. *

FRANK *
 I'm just a worker bee, doll. I
 don't know what to believe. *

JULIANA *
 You're an artist, Frank. A really
 good one. You should be making art. *

FRANK

Yeah, well, they won the war. And
they think modern art's degenerate.
(beat, ironic humor)
At least we have each other.

JULIANA

Yeah, and what are we supposed to
do with us?

FRANK

Well, now you're back on your feet?
You could get a job. And then...
get married, have kids...

Juliana's smile fades. Gently --

JULIANA

You really want to raise kids in a
world like this?

FRANK

Somebody has to.

JULIANA

(looks around, quiet)
If anyone found out your
grandfather was a Jew...

Frank nods, exhales.

FRANK

Didn't stop Laura.

Juliana slides away her drink.

JULIANA

I'm getting a headache. Mind if I
go home?

FRANK

I'll go with you.

JULIANA

You stay, wait for Ed.

She musters a smile, kisses him. He watches her go. But he's
concerned.

20

EXT. STREET - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT 1

20 *

Juliana bites her lip, lost in her own troubled thoughts. Approaching the steps to her apartment, when --

TRUDY (O.S.)

Juliana --

She turns, sees Trudy running toward her. She's breathless, eyes frightened.

JULIANA

Trudy? I thought you were leaving --

*

She presses the BLACK SATCHEL into her hands.

TRUDY

Take this.

JULIANA

What is it?

Trudy looks over her shoulder.

TRUDY

Get inside. Quick --

JULIANA

Trudy? What is this?

*

Trudy meets her eyes --

TRUDY

A way out.

Then runs off. Juliana now sees the Japanese Men and Soldiers down the street, chasing Trudy. Juliana ducks back into her alcove, out of their line of vision.

JAPANESE MAN

Yamete! Stop!

Trudy keeps sprinting as fast as she can, rounds the corner. As the Japanese Men and the Soldiers charge past Juliana --

ANGLE - TRUDY

Turns, but this is a DEAD END. No place for her to run or hide. She turns as one the Soldiers stops, RAISES HIS RIFLE. Terror in her eyes --

CLOSE - JULIANA

(CONTINUED)

Steps out of the alcove, moving to follow. When -- *BLAM!* She hears a GUNSHOT. Her heart rises in her throat, chest thumping hard. She runs round the corner, then stops, covers her mouth, stifling a cry. Eyes wide with horror, as --

THE JAPANESE MEN

Approach Trudy's body, lying in the middle of the street. A gaping bloody hole in the center of her back.

The Wire-Frame Man rolls her over with his shoe. Trudy's eyes * stare up at him, LIFELESS.

The Wire-Frame Man scans the area, looking for something. Tersely giving orders to the Soldiers.

ANGLE - JULIANA

Looks from the Wire-Frame Man to the black satchel in her hands. Knows THIS IS WHAT HE'S LOOKING FOR. As she turns, hurries back to her apartment. Shakily keys her door.

Juliana bolts the door. Reeling from shock. Then, with trembling hands, she unsnaps the satchel. An object wrapped in torn sheets of *Manga* comics. She rips them open, finds --

A REEL OF 16MM FILM

At the center of the spool, someone has hand-written the words, *The Grasshopper Lies Heavy*.

Juliana stares, confused at what this means -- what her sister was doing with it -- and why it's worth dying for.

CUT TO:

A ribbon of high-speed traffic, headlights spoking into the rural night. As Joe's SEMI grows close, PASSING CAMERA --

Joe behind the wheel, turning from one news station to another on the radio. Listening for a report on him. When --

A POLICE SIREN

CONTINUED:

Sounds. Joe looks in his rear-view mirror. Sees RED LIGHTS FLASHING. A police car gaining on him.

CLOSE - JOE

Swallows, his heart rising in his throat. He takes his foot off the gas pedal, but doesn't brake. Not certain yet whether the siren is for him. When --

THE POLICE CAR PASSES. In pursuit of another vehicle. Joe lets out a ragged sigh. Then clicks off the radio.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIKERS ISLAND - **LATE NIGHT 1**

RAIN pours down. A TUGBOAT slices through the East River, docks. Obergruppenführer Smith, the Gestapo Officer from the raid, exits. Flanked by an AIDE.

The Aide holds an umbrella, but Smith walks through the rain. Toward the massive jail complex, ringed by razor wire.

INT. RIKERS ISLAND - **LATE NIGHT 1**

CLOSE on BLACK LEATHER BOOTS. Smith moving down a long, dark hall. Guards stand at attention, giving the Nazi salute.

CUT TO:

INT. RIKERS ISLAND - CELL - **LATE NIGHT 1**

Don Warren hangs from the ceiling in chains, wrists tied behind his back. He is shirtless, a GUARD beating his chest with a stick wrapped in barbed wire.

The Guard stops, seeing Smith enter. Smith examines Warren's injuries. Face BRUISED and CUT, his chest a mass of BLOODY WOUNDS. Smith reaches for a dirty RAG, dips it in a bucket.

He squeezes some water into Warren's mouth, who laps it up.

SMITH

There, there... that better?

He gently wipes some of the blood off Warren's face.

SMITH (CONT'D)

You are a mess, Mr. Warren. This will end badly for you.

(CONTINUED)

WARREN

Didn't start too good.

SMITH

Where was that truck headed?

WARREN

Alabama.

SMITH

Alabama...

Smith looks to an Aide, sharing a knowing look.

WARREN

Birmingham. I told your friend here.

SMITH

And the cargo?

WARREN

Coffee makers.

*

Smith smiles.

SMITH

Your men shoot at us to keep us from intercepting... coffee makers?

WARREN

They're stolen. He didn't want to go to jail.

SMITH

You're the Resistance leader for East New York, Mr. Warren. We've known it for a month now. Ever since we intercepted one of these --

Smith produces a paper. The printed AMERICAN EAGLE on it.

SMITH (CONT'D)

This is the symbol of your movement, is it not?

Warren says nothing. But his silence confirms it.

SMITH (CONT'D)

We know where that truck was headed. And what it was carrying.

(CONTINUED)

WARREN

You know so much, what do you want
with me?

But Smith just nods to the Guard -- he can resume his
torture. Seeing Smith start to leave --

WARREN (CONT'D)

What do you want?!

Smith walks out of the room, down the hall. Warren shouting
after him as we hear the beating resume.

WARREN (CONT'D)

WHAT DO YOU WANT?!

CUT TO:

27 INT. FRANK & JULIANA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 1

27 *

A closet opens. Juliana searches behind the clothes, finds
several CANS of HOME MOVIES, OLD CARTOONS, then -- a heavy
CASE. She unsnaps it. Revealing a 16mm PROJECTOR.

Juliana threads Trudy's reel of film through the sprockets.
Then pulls down a window shade. Switches on the projector,
the beam of light catching dust motes floating in the air.

The room silent except for the whir of the projector. We see *
SCRATCHY FILM LEADER, but before the film proper begins we go *
CLOSE ON JULIANA. Shadows play across her face. She stares, *
confused. And DISTURBED -- *

A28 INT. BAR - NIGHT 1

A28 *

Frank sits as ED McCARTHY, 30s, glasses, enters, points to *
color footage of Hitler greeting smiling children on the TV. *

ED

You see that, Frank? *
(to the Bartender) *
Weizen beer. *

FRANK

See what? *

ED

(as he sits) *
Mr. Hitler's right hand. *

(CONTINUED)

A28 CONTINUED:

A28

FRANK *
What about it? *

ED *
It's in his pocket. You know why? *

FRANK *
So he can play with his balls, *
'cause nobody else will? *

ED *
The old bastard's got Parkinson's! *
His hand shakes like shit. How much *
longer you think he's got? *

The PHONE behind the bar rings. The Bartender answers. *

FRANK *
I don't know. A year. *

ED *
Six months, tops -- then Goebbels *
or Himmler takes over and this time *
they won't just flatten D.C. with *
the H-bomb. They'll wipe out the *
whole west coast. Boom. *

BARTENDER *
(to Frank) *
Is your name Frank? *

FRANK *
Yeah. *

BARTENDER *
Then this is for you. *

He sets the phone down on the bar, goes off. Frank knows this *
can't be good news if someone is tracking down here. *

FRANK *
Hello? *

INTERCUT: *

B28 INT. JULIANA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 1 B28 *

Juliana, speaking in an urgent whisper. *

JULIANA *
Frank, is Ed there? *

(CONTINUED)

B28 CONTINUED:

B28

FRANK *
Yeah. *

JULIANA *
Don't tell him where you're going. *
Just come home now. *

FRANK *
What is it? *

JULIANA *
I'll tell you when you get here. *

Ed's beer comes. Frank hangs up, thinking. Reading his face -- *

ED *
Something wrong? *

FRANK *
I've got to go. *

ED *
You shittin' me? I just got here. *

Frank leaves some *yen* notes. *

FRANK *
See you at work. *

Frank hurries out, Ed shaking his head, exasperated, as he sips his beer. PRELAP KNOCKING -- *

C28 INT. JULIANA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 1 C28 *

Juliana unchains the door. Seeing the worry in her eyes -- *

FRANK *
Jules? What? *

Juliana closes, chains the door. Crossing to the projector. *

JULIANA *
Hit the lights. I want you to watch something. *

FRANK *
OK... *

Frank flicks the switch, the room going dark. Juliana turns on the projector, Frank watching -- *

(CONTINUED)

Silent BLACK & WHITE FOOTAGE from World War II. But very *
different from the color film we saw in the Nazi newsreel. *

*American troops land on D-Day... the Allies liberate Paris... **
*Berlin lies in ruins... GIs cheering, kissing girls in Times **
*Square, celebrating V-E Day... **

FRANK (CONT'D)

What is this?

JULIANA

Newsreel film.

FRANK

Yeah, I see that. *

JULIANA

It shows us winning the war.

FRANK

But we didn't win the war.

JULIANA

That's what they told us. *

She has a defiant edge. But Frank looks back at the film -- *

FRANK

Jesus, I know what this is.

JULIANA

What?

FRANK

The Man in the High Castle.

JULIANA

The who?

FRANK

The Man in the High Castle. I don't *
know why they call him that, but Ed *
told me all about him. He makes *
these anti-fascist movies.

JULIANA

(indicates the screen) *
'Makes' them? GIs? In Times Square? *

FRANK

I know they look real... *

(CONTINUED)

JULIANA

"Look" real? They are real, Frank. *

FRANK *

But they can't be, can they? *

Juliana has no explanation as -- the film runs out, its tail flapping wildly. Frank clicks off the projector. *

FRANK (CONT'D)

Listen, whatever these films are? *

Ed says Hitler himself is obsessed with destroying them. *

JULIANA

Why, if they're just stupid movies? *

FRANK

Point is, possessing them is treason. Punishable by death. How did you get these? *

Juliana looks down. Then, quiet --

JULIANA

Trudy gave them to me. *

FRANK

Trudy? What's she doing with this? *

JULIANA

I don't know. *

(a beat, then... quiet) *

She's dead. *

FRANK

(shocked)

What?

JULIANA

They shot her.

(fighting emotion)

On the street.

The enormity of this lands on Frank. He stands, stunned. Then takes Juliana in his arms. Kisses the top of her head. *

FRANK

I'm... so sorry. *

Frank pulls back, meets her eyes. Tender but emphatic. *

(CONTINUED)

C28 CONTINUED: (3)

FRANK (CONT'D)

You have to go to the police. *

JULIANA

The police are the ones who shot her --

FRANK

You have to say you weren't close, she was only your half-sister --

JULIANA

No --

FRANK

-- you didn't know what she gave you. You're a loyal subject and will cooperate fully.

JULIANA

Trudy died for this, Frank --

FRANK

They have to think you know nothing about this. Or they'll kill you, too. *

(beat)

You think Trudy would want that? *

Off Juliana --

CUT TO:

28 INT. SEMI TRUCK - MOVING - **LATE NIGHT 1** 28 *

Joe rubs his eyes, driving, then sees --

A MAKESHIFT CHECKPOINT *

On the autobahn up ahead. Nazi Officers with dogs SEARCHING all vehicles. Joe thinks, then turns on his blinker, EXITING.

CUT TO:

SCS. 29 - 31 OMITTED (COMBINED WITH 32) *

32 INT./EXT. SEMI TRUCK - ROADSIDE - **LATE NIGHT 1** 32 *

Joe's pulled to a stop on the shoulder. He keys open the trailer gate, finding it stacked high with CARDBOARD BOXES. *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAILER

*

Joe snicks on a flashlight, cuts open one of the boxes. It's full of German coffee makers, just as Don Warren said.

He edges through the boxes, shining his flashlight on the floor, the ceiling, looking for something. He SIGHS, frustrated. Then spots -- a low-rise "creeper" DOLLY.

UNDERCARRIAGE

*

Joe wheels himself underneath on the dolly, inspecting the undercarriage. Tapping on pipes. Still finding nothing. When he notices -- masking tape, stuck in a rectangle.

He peels back the tape, revealing -- a METAL COMPARTMENT, screwed shut underneath.

Joe sets down the flashlight, takes an Army Knife from his pocket. Opening the compartment. Finding a MANILA ENVELOPE.

*

CAB

*

Joe sits behind the wheel, unclasps the envelope. Wrapped in Nazi newspapers, he finds --

A ROLL OF 16MM FILM

Not identical, but similar to Juliana's. But like hers, someone has written *The Grasshopper Lies Heavy* on it.

Joe stares at it, thinking.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHECKPOINT - **LATE NIGHT 1**

Joe rolls to a stop. Takes TRAVEL PERMITS from the glovebox. Waiting while Officers search. Masking his anxiety.

CUT TO:

OMITTED

OMITTED

36 EXT. NAZI EMBASSY - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY 2 36 *

The Federal Reserve building, festooned with Nazi banners. A plaque identifies the "Embassy of the Greater Nazi Reich."

37 INT. NAZI EMBASSY - DAY 2 37 *

A high-ceilinged room. A heroic-style portrait of Hitler. HUGO REISS, 40s, trim, is the Nazi Ambassador. He and his aide, SS Officer KURT SCAUSCH, 30s, in conference with --

TAGOMI, 50s, head of the Japanese Trade Mission, and his associate, KOTOMICHI, 30s, thin. Both Tagomi and Kotomichi immaculately dressed in tailored suits. *

They stand over blueprints, tiny PLASTIC FIGURES representing Nazi Officers, members of the Japanese delegation.

REISS

-- and then I will escort the Crown Prince and Princess into this room, where we will take tea.

Tagomi frowns, looks to Kotomichi. Reiss shares a look with Scausch.

SCAUSCH

Is there a problem, Mr. Tagomi?

TAGOMI

We're very sorry, but the furniture in this room. It is not appropriate for the Crown Prince and Princess.

REISS

Trade Minister, I assure you these are very fine pieces -- the same as the Führer has in Berlin. *

Tagomi bites his lip. Deeply embarrassed. Reiss privately gives Scausch another '*what the fuck?*' look.

SCAUSCH

We're happy to replace it, of course. If you'll send us information on the proper pieces.

Tagomi is relieved.

TAGOMI

Yes. Thank you.
(then, to Reiss)
(MORE) *

(CONTINUED)

TAGOMI (CONT'D)

Thank you, Ambassador. These are excellent plans.

*

REISS

We're deeply honored to receive the Crown Prince and Princess as guests here at the Embassy.

KOTOMICHI

It is an harmonious expression of the friendship between the German and Japanese peoples.

REISS

Indeed.

An awkward moment. Tagomi and Kotomichi bow. The two Nazis reply with salutes. After the Japanese have gone --

REISS (CONT'D)

What the hell was that about?

SCAUSCH

The furniture doesn't have *chi*.

REISS

Chi?

SCAUSCH

One of the five great elements. It comes from the Chinese. They believe there's a spirit in things, bringing good or bad luck.

*

*

REISS

Superstitious slant-eyed crap. I don't understand why the Führer allowed these people to rule half the continent.

SCAUSCH

"Allowed." But for how much longer?

Reiss smiles.

Tagomi and Kotomichi walk down steps to a waiting Mercedes LIMOUSINE.

KOTOMICHI

The Nazi ambassador has disdain.

*

TAGOMI

He only understands a world he can see.

*

KOTOMICHI

You seem troubled, Trade Minister.

*

TAGOMI

It is a time of great uncertainty, Mr. Kotomichi. The Führer is said to be very ill.

KOTOMICHI

Surely his successor will continue a policy of peaceful cohabitation.

TAGOMI

I consulted the oracle. The reply was the twelfth pentagram.

KOTOMICHI

"Danger, pay attention."

Tagomi nods, climbs in the limousine. As Kotomichi follows, troubled now as well --

CUT TO:

39 INT. FRANK & JULIANA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - **DAY 2**

39 *

Frank knots his necktie, then stops. Staring at a DRAFTING TABLE in the corner, scattered with painted canvases, pastel sketches and various art supplies. Frank goes to the table, fishes out some hand-drawn JEWELRY DESIGNS.

*

*

*

He thinks for a beat. Then picks up the designs, stuffs them in a GREEN PORTFOLIO.

CUT TO:

40 INT. FRANK & JULIANA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - **DAY 2**

40 *

Juliana sits at the table, staring at -- Trudy's satchel. After a moment, she picks it up. Searches inside, finds an ENVELOPE. She pulls out the paper inside as Frank enters --

*

*

*

FRANK

You sleep?

*

*

JULIANA

Not much.

*

*

(CONTINUED)

FRANK
 (re: the envelope)
 What's that?

*
 *

JULIANA
 A ticket. For the 10:30 bus.

*

FRANK
 (reads it)
 Cañon City, Colorado...

JULIANA
 Trudy told me she was going out of town. On the back, she wrote something.

FRANK
 What's it say?

JULIANA
 It's in pencil -- it's kind of smudged. Looks like *Sunrise Diner... 12: 5.*

FRANK
 Five minutes after 12?

JULIANA
 I guess.

FRANK
 Maybe she was supposed to take the film there...

*
 *

JULIANA
 She told me she got a job.

FRANK
 Never would've pegged Trudy as a Resistance fighter. C'mon.

*

JULIANA
 What?

*
 *

FRANK
 I'll take you to the police station.

*
 *
 *

JULIANA
 You're not coming with me.

*
 *

FRANK
 Why not?

*
 *

JULIANA

The last thing you need's trouble
with the police, Frank. The less we
make of this, the better.

FRANK

I still think I should go --

JULIANA

Not a chance. I'll take it. Then
I'll go tell Mom what happened. And
Arnold.

FRANK

I'm so sorry, Jules.

Juliana looks at him, emotion rising.

JULIANA

I don't know what I would've done
without you, Frank. After the
accident... You picked me up,
literally got me on my feet --

FRANK

Nobody could keep you down for
long, Jules. Not even a bus. I just
happened to be standing there.

She kisses him. Frank makes a crooked smile.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You call me, OK?

JULIANA

I will.

FRANK

See you tonight.

Juliana smiles, nods.

JULIANA

Yeah.

Frank goes. Juliana stands in the empty apartment a moment,
her brave face melting away now that he's left. Then she
turns, picks up the satchel. Stuffing the ticket back inside.

CUT TO:

BEDROOM *

Dresser drawers OPENED, EMPTIED. Clothes dumped in an OVERNIGHT BAG. *

Toiletries cleared from a shelf, tumbling in the bag. Juliana snaps it closed, swings the medicine cabinet shut. Then catches sight of her face in the mirror. *

She stares, reflecting on what she's doing. Then brings her fingers to the PENDANT at her neck. She unclasps it, kisses it like a cross. *

CLOSE - THE PENDANT *

As Juliana sets it down on the dresser. Exits the room. *

CUT TO: *

A41 INT. FRANK & JULIANA'S APARTMENT A41 *

Juliana heads to the door, satchel and overnight bag in hand. When she stops. Another thought occurring to her -- *

CUT TO: *

The closet door is opened. Juliana kneels, opens the cans of old movies. Finds a POPEYE cartoon. She takes the film out of its can, tucks it under her coat. As she CLOSES THE DOOR -- *

CUT TO: *

B41 EXT. FRANK & JULIANA'S APARTMENT B41 *

Juliana steps outside, then stops, surprised to see -- *

DONI *

The teenager from *aikido*, coming up her steps. *

JULIANA *

Doni...? *

DONI *

Miss Crain... You said tea this morning. *

JULIANA *

Yes, of course... *

(CONTINUED)

B41 CONTINUED: B41

Doni's eyes drift to her open satchel. The FILM REEL marked *The Grasshopper Lies Heavy* plainly visible. Juliana quickly clutches it closed. *

JULIANA (CONT'D) *

I... I'm so sorry, I forgot I have *

an appointment. Can we do this *

another time? *

Doni looks worried. Does he know what the film means? *

DONI *

Yes... OK... *

JULIANA *

Thanks, Doni. *

Juliana hurries away, but Doni lingers, looking after her. His face unreadable. *

CUT TO: *

41 OMITTED 41 *

42 INT. SEMI TRUCK - **DAY 2** 42 *

"How Much Is That Doggie In the Window?" on the radio. Rural countryside flies by outside the window. Joe's been driving all night. His eyes tired, he needs a shave. When -- *

KA-BAM! A TIRE BLOWS OUT. Joe, suddenly alert, GRIPS THE WHEEL -- SWERVES -- the rig NEARLY SLIDING INTO A CULVERT before Joe manages to regain control, SKID TO A STOP. *

43-45 OMITTED (SCS.43,45 COMBINED WITH SC. 46) 43-45 *

46 EXT. AUTOBAHN - **DAY 2** 46 *

Joe climbs from the cab. Sees the rear tire BLOWN TO SHREDS.

JOE

Shit.

He looks at the nothingness around.

Joe looks for tools to fix the tire, when -- the SOUND of a car pulling to a stop. As he turns -- *

(CONTINUED)

46

CONTINUED:

46

A NAZI POLICE CAR has rolled to a stop behind the truck. A uniformed POLICE OFFICER, 40s, gets out, looks at the blown tire. Seeing Joe climb down from the payload --

*

POLICE OFFICER
Blow out, huh?

*

JOE
Yup. And no tool kit. Not good.

*

POLICE OFFICER
I've got one in the trunk. Let me give you a hand.

JOE
Thanks, I really appreciate that.

The Police Officer heads back to his car. As he does, Joe looks toward the cab of his truck. He's left the envelope with the 16mm film on the seat, IN PLAIN SIGHT.

TIME CUT TO:

*

47 OMITTED

47 *

48 OMITTED

48 *

49 EXT. AUTOBAHN - DAY 2

49 *

The truck jacked up. The Officer tightens the spare tire. On his arm, Joe notices a military-style TATTOO -- a dagger through a rose. He finishes, dusts himself off.

OFFICER
There you go.

JOE
Thanks a lot.

OFFICER
There's no diners for another five hours or so. Wife packed an extra sandwich if you're hungry.

JOE
You don't mind?

OFFICER
Not at all. I'm going to need to see your transit papers.

(CONTINUED)

JOE

Sure. No problem.

While the Officer heads back to his squad car, Joe climbs in the cab, grabs the transit papers from the glovebox. Then quickly tuck the envelope with the film reel under the seat.

He steps back onto the road as -- the Officer returns. Joe exchanges the transit papers for a sandwich in wax paper.

OFFICER

Egg salad. Hope that's OK.

JOE

Great.

The Officer inspects the papers. Writing particulars in a pad.

OFFICER

This your first long haul?

JOE

How'd you know?

OFFICER

Not having a tool kit... that's a pretty rookie mistake.

Joe takes a bite of his sandwich.

JOE

Guess so. It's my first time out of New York, actually. First time seeing the country.

OFFICER

(dry, unimpressed)

Well, here it is.

JOE

You mind I ask... the tattoo on your arm.

OFFICER

A soldier so fierce he'd kill a rose.

JOE

That was you?

OFFICER

Long time ago. But we lost, didn't we? Now I can't even remember what we fought for. Your dad a vet?

JOE

Yeah.

OFFICER

He must be proud. Fine young man like you.

JOE

(shrugs, not really)

We're not really close. But me getting this job. It was pretty important to him.

Joe notices some fine, flaky PARTICLES floating in the air.

JOE (CONT'D)

What's that?

The Officer looks up, sees them, too.

OFFICER

The hospital.

JOE

The hospital?

OFFICER

Tuesdays, they burn cripples, the terminally ill. Drag on the state, you know.

The Officer hands back the transit papers.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Have a safe trip, son. Make your old man proud.

He heads back to his squad car. But Joe stares at the flecks of gray ash in the sky. THOUSANDS of them. Some cling to the bread on his sandwich. He can't eat.

CUT TO:

50 OMITTED

50 *

51 OMITTED

51 *

52 OMITTED 52 *

53 EXT. STREET - TRANSBAY BUS TERMINAL - DAY 2 53 *

Juliana stops, takes the TICKET out of Trudy's satchel. Looks up at the Art Deco facade of the TRANSBAY BUS TERMINAL. Looks around to be sure she wasn't followed. *

54 INT. TRANSBAY BUS TERMINAL - DAY 2 54 *

Juliana moves through the terminal, crowded with people. Noticing -- uniformed JAPANESE POLICE OFFICERS. Some are posted near the departure gates, others question passengers.

She grips the satchel close to her chest --

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Can I help you, Miss?

-- she's nearly walked into a JAPANESE OFFICER.

JULIANA
(covering anxiety)
I -- I'm --

Just then --

MAN'S VOICE
Hey! There you are!

Juliana turns, sees -- RANDALL. Juliana covers her surprise, mindful of the Officer. As he takes her by the elbow -- *

JULIANA
(under her breath)
Who the hell are you? *

RANDALL
I gave Trudy that satchel you're carrying. Where is she? *

JULIANA
Dead. They shot her last night.

RANDALL
Oh Jesus... *

Randall looks like he's been punched in the stomach. Tries to maintain composure -- *

(CONTINUED)

JULIANA
You the one who got her into this?

RANDALL
I suppose so. Who are you?

JULIANA
Her sister. Juliana.

RANDALL
Give me the film, Juliana.

JULIANA
I'm going in her place.

RANDALL
They're expecting Trudy. Not you.

JULIANA
I'll say I'm her.

RANDALL
No. Too dangerous.

JULIANA
So that's it? She dies for nothing?

RANDALL
Not nothing. She died doing the
right thing.

JULIANA
(heated)
The "right thing?" You got to be
fucking kidding. What do I do when
I get there?

Randall sees the Japanese Officer moving toward them. He
takes Juliana by the elbow, leads her toward the bus.

RANDALL
You wait.

JULIANA
I wait?

RANDALL
They'll come to you if it's safe.

They've reached the bus door. But there's something Juliana
still wants to know --

54 CONTINUED: (2)

54

JULIANA

This film. What does it mean?

*

*

RANDALL

If I knew? I wouldn't tell you.

*

*

That will have to do. Juliana starts up the steps. Randall walks past the Japanese Officer, avoiding his gaze. Off the Officer, unsure whether to be suspicious --

*

*

*

55 EXT./INT. BUS - DAY 2

55 *

Juliana makes her way down the aisle. For the first time, we see the faces of BLACKS and HISPANICS, in nearly every seat.

A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN, seated next to a large AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN, looks from Juliana, sitting across the aisle, out the window to Randall, disappearing in the terminal.

*

THE DRIVER

Closes the accordion door. Drives out of the station.

JULIANA

Looks out the window, clutching the satchel. In spite of it all, she's scared to death. She looks up, sees a PLANE streaking across the sky --

*

*

56 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO HIROHITO AIRFIELD - DAY 2

56 *

A German V-9E "rocket" plane lands, taxis. (It looks much like a Concorde SST, skinned with Nazi swastikas.)

ANGLE - THE TARMAC

Tagomi and Kotomichi, the trade officers, wait as stairs are wheeled to the plane. Passengers deplane, among them --

VIKTOR BAYNES

A Swedish businessman, 40s, well-dressed. Tagomi and Kotomichi step forward to greet him.

TAGOMI

Mr. Baynes, I am Nobusuke Tagomi.

BAYNES

Mr. Tagomi. Very kind of you to meet me in person.

(CONTINUED)

TAGOMI

Trade relations with Sweden are important to the Pacific States. My associate, Mr. Kotomichi.

KOTOMICHI

How was your flight, Mr. Baynes?

BAYNES

New York to San Francisco in under two hours.

TAGOMI

German technology is unparalleled. We Japanese cannot hope to compete.

BAYNES

Technology is not the measure of a great civilization.

Tagomi makes a small smile.

TAGOMI

Mr. Kotomichi will see to your baggage. Please --

Kotomichi goes off. Tagomi indicates a Mercedes limousine.

CUT TO: *

57 INT. MERCEDES LIMOUSINE - DAY 2

57 *

Baynes sits in back across from Tagomi, a PLEXIGLASS barrier between them and the CHAUFFEUR. As the car starts moving --

TAGOMI

Forgive me, Captain, but I need to confirm your identity.

Baynes reaches for a wallet.

BAYNES

Of course.

He hands Tagomi an SS document with his PHOTO, showing his true identity is Nazi Captain RUDOLPH WEGENER.

TAGOMI

I have consulted the I Ching. The oracle favors our meeting.

(CONTINUED)

BAYNES/WEGENER

Good to hear. Since both our governments would execute us if they knew we were talking.

TAGOMI

(returns document)

The man you are to meet will arrive from Tokyo in two days' time.

WEGENER

He is traveling with the Crown Prince and Princess?

Tagomi nods.

TAGOMI

What news do you bring from Berlin?

WEGENER

The Führer's health is poor. Goebbels and Himmler are jockeying for power.

TAGOMI

Neither seeks peace.

WEGENER

The Nazi State has the atomic bomb. And while they deny it in public, both men believe the partition of the Americas was a mistake.

TAGOMI

Then there will be war.

WEGENER

Once the Führer dies... without question. And this city will be one of the first erased from the map.

(off his silence)

What are you so gloomy about, Mr. Tagomi? You said the oracle favors our meeting.

TAGOMI

Fate is fluid, Captain Wegener. Destiny is in the hands of men.

A58 EXT. STREET - DAY 2 A58 *

As the limousine drives past, heading toward the city -- *

CUT TO:

B58 INT. FACTORY - DAY 2 B58 *

A giant ASSEMBLY LINE, much like the one we saw in the Nazi newsreel. Machines stamp out METAL PARTS, hand-assembled by aproned WORKERS. Among them, we find -- *

FRANK, assembling replicas of old Colt. 45 revolvers, across from Ed. He does his job efficiently, but keeps looking up at the office overlooking the floor. Something on his mind. *

ED *

What happened last night? *

FRANK *

(distracted) *

Huh? *

ED *

The phone call at the bar. What was that about? *

FRANK *

Um, nothing. Cover for me, will you? *

ED *

OK. Sure. *

CUT TO: *

C58 INT. FACTORY - OFFICE - DAY 2 C58 *

WYNDAM MADSEN, 50s, small, paunchy, but vigorous, works at his desk. He hears a knock on his door, sees -- Frank. *

FRANK *

Mr. Madsen? *

MADSEN *

Yes, Frank. *

FRANK *

I'm just wondering... have you had a chance to look at the designs? *

(CONTINUED)

C58 CONTINUED:

C58

MADSEN *
 You just gave them to me this *
 morning, Frank. *

FRANK *
 Right. And? *

MADSEN *
 And as it happens, I have looked at *
 them. *
 (holds up green portfolio) *
 They're quite beautiful. *

FRANK *
 Thank you. *

MADSEN *
 But degenerate, Frank. *

FRANK *
 You just said they're beautiful. *
 How can jewelry be degenerate? *

MADSEN *
 The Japs only want old-timey stuff, *
 like those Colt .45s down there. *
 Americana. *

FRANK *
 No one's actually tried selling *
 them jewelry -- *

MADSEN *
 And no one's going to. Because no *
 one wants to land in jail. C'mon, *
 Frank, come back from fairy land. *
 (beat) *
 You're a solid worker. You've got a *
 solid job. Count your blessings. *

He holds up the portfolio. Frank takes it. Frustrated. *

CUT TO: *

D58 OMITTED

D58 *

58 EXT. RURAL AUTOBAHN - DAY 2

58 *

The Greyhound BUS wipes through frame, heading toward the
 Rockies.

59 INT. BUS - MOVING - DAY 2

59 *

Juliana checks her watch, looks out the window.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

May I?

She looks up, sees the Middle-Aged Woman from before.

JULIANA

Sure.

She sits in the seat next to Juliana.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Guy next to me was snoring. I can never sleep on buses, can you?

Juliana looks over. Sees the large African-American asleep.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN (CONT'D)

What brings you to the neutral zone?

JULIANA

(a quick lie)

Just visiting a friend.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

You must have some interesting friends.

JULIANA

I don't know what you mean.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

You see any other white girls on this bus? Look at 'em all, darlin'. Wrong color, wrong religion, wrong bedmate... If the Nazis catch 'em, poof! Up in smoke they go. But the Japs are happy to let 'em scramble out of the Pacific States. Hole up in the Rocky Mountains, or run down to South America if they like.

JULIANA

What's it like? The neutral zone?

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Ever seen those old Westerns the Führer watches? It's like that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

59

CONTINUED:

59

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN (CONT'D)
Lawless. Except for the Marshal, of
course.

*

JULIANA
The Marshal?

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN
This is your first time, isn't it?
A Nazi agent. Hunts down enemies of
the Reich, strings 'em up and burns
'em alive.

*

Juliana is horrified. But the Woman goes on, matter of fact.

*

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN (CONT'D)
Just about everybody in the neutral
zone's got a gun and a secret.

JULIANA
What's yours?

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN
Fear of flying. I'm in the import-
export business. Katie Owens.

It's said as a prompt.

JULIANA
(reluctant, then)
Trudy Walker.

Juliana turns, uncomfortable. There's a SIGN out the window.
It reads, in Japanese and English, "Now leaving the Japanese
Pacific States."

*

*

*

CUT TO:

A SIGN, in German and English, "You are now leaving the
Greater Nazi State." We are:

*

60

EXT. NAZI CHECKPOINT - DAY 2

60 *

A line of cars and trucks approaching the gateway to the
neutral zone. CAMERA ADJUSTS to find Joe's semi approaching -- *

A61

INT. SEMI TRUCK - DAY 2

A61 *

Joe looks at the checkpoint with dread. As he swallows,
starts to pull over. PRELAP the ringing of a phone --

*

*

B61 INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY 2 B61 *

Joe stands inside, truck parked beyond. He listens to the phone, ringing and ringing. Finally, he hangs up, frustrated. As he retrieves his coin, heads back to his truck --

CUT TO:

61 INT. RIKERS ISLAND - CELL - DAY 2 61 *

Obergruppenführer Smith enters, finds Warren hanging from his chains. Badly beaten, and unconscious. He turns to his Aide.

SMITH

Where is this man's minder?

AIDE

I'll find him, Obergruppenführer.

The Aide goes off. Leaving Smith alone with Warren. He inspects his wounds, gently lifts his head, seeing the eyes swollen shut, lips busted.

The Aide returns with the Guard, who gives a Nazi salute.

GUARD

Heil Hitler.

SMITH

Why was this man left unattended?

GUARD

The subject has lost consciousness, Obergruppenführer.

SMITH

I can see that.

The Guard looks confused.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Your orders were to flog this subject until he answered your questions.

GUARD

Obergruppenführer, this subject cannot wake up.

SMITH

Has he answered your questions?

(CONTINUED)

GUARD
(of course not)
No, Obergruppenführer...

SMITH
Then your orders are to keep
flogging him.

The Guard looks to the Aide, but his eyes show nothing.

SMITH (CONT'D)
You torture men, Sergeant. You have
a problem beating a man to death?

GUARD
No, Obergruppenführer.

SMITH
Then do as you're told.

Smith goes off with his Aide. The Guard looks to Warren.
Reluctantly picks up the club with barbed wire.

The Aide, ERICH RAEDER, walks at Smith's side.

SMITH
You're smiling, Erich.

RAEDER
The subject will die in captivity.

SMITH
That's correct.

RAEDER
His body would only be so
disfigured if he refused to talk.
His friends in the Resistance will
conclude he told us nothing.

SMITH
They will conclude we don't know
that truck is headed to Cañon City.
Or what it's carrying.

RAEDER
I have much to learn from you,
Obergruppenführer.

62 CONTINUED: 62
 Now it's Smith who smiles.

CUT TO:

63 OMITTED 63 *

64 INT. FRANK & JULIANA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 2 64 *
 Frank enters, sets down the portfolio.

FRANK
 Jules!

He goes to the kitchen, opens the fridge. Pulls the tab on a can of beer. He takes a swallow, then --

FRANK (CONT'D)
 Jules?!

Getting no answer, he walks across the living room to the bedroom. Finding it EMPTY, too. But he now notices -- the heart PENDANT on the dresser. Frank picks it up. *

FRANK (CONT'D) *

Oh Jesus... *

Off Frank, his rising concern -- *

CUT TO:

65 OMITTED 65 *

66 INT. BUS - NIGHT 2 66 *
 Juliana slumped against the glass, asleep. When her eyes flutter open, noticing -- *

The BUS HAS STOPPED. It's been parked for awhile -- several people move down the aisle, back toward their seats. Juliana sees Katie is no longer beside her, then looks -- *

HER POV - THROUGH THE WINDOW *

Katie walks toward an AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN in a rusted-out OLD CAR. On her arm -- JULIANA'S BLACK SATCHEL. *

CLOSE - JULIANA *

(CONTINUED)

Alarm rising in her throat. She taps on the glass, tries to draw Katie's attention, insistent but not loud -- she has to be careful not to attract attention. *

But Katie hears her tapping, looks at her. Her expression IMPASSIVE. She had to play the role of Chatty Cathy before -- but she's really a thief and no longer tries to hide it. *

Juliana rises. Struggles past the people going the other way. Making it to the front just as the Driver closes the door -- *

JULIANA *

Wait! *

BUS DRIVER *

(firm, bored) *

Bus is leaving. *

JULIANA *

I... I left something out there. *

The Driver pulls open the accordion door. *

BUS DRIVER *

Go get it. Bus the bus is leaving. *

Juliana looks from the Driver to outside the door. The car with Katie and the African-American Man is driving off. *

Juliana starts back toward her seat. The Driver pulls closed the door, satisfied. Puts the bus in gear. *

ANGLE - JULIANA *

Sits. Then pulls a reel of film from under her coat, wrapped in manga comics and labelled *The Grasshopper Lies Heavy*. She lost all her belongings. But she had the film the whole time. *

As the BUS WIPES PAST FRAME, driving on into the night -- *

CUT TO: *

Joe's truck pulls to a stop outside, the buzzing NEON SIGN reflected in the windshield.

(CONTINUED)

69	CONTINUED:	69
	He reaches for his overnight bag. Pulls the envelope with the film reel from the steering column. Stuffs it in his bag. PRELAP the sound of URGENT KNOCKING, then --	* *
70	OMITTED	70 *
71	OMITTED	71 *
72	INT. FRANK & JULIANA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 2	72 *
	Frank pulls on a robe. The KNOCKING continues.	*
	FRANK	*
	Coming!	*
	Frank goes to the PEEPHOLE, sees --	*
	POV - WIRE-FRAME MAN	*
	Stands outside with Plainclothes Man and two Soldiers.	*
	RESUME - FRANK	*
	He swallows, then unlatches the door.	*
	WIRE-FRAME MAN	*
	Mr. Frink?	*
	FRANK	*
	Yes?	*
	WIRE-FRAME MAN	*
	Inspector Kido.	*
	Wire-Frame Man/INSPECTOR KIDO shows his ID, steps inside. The Soldiers move past Frank, begin searching the place.	* *
	FRANK	*
	What's going on?	*
	KIDO	*
	You cohabit this apartment with a Miss Juliana Crain, do you not?	* *
	FRANK	*
	Yes.	*
	KIDO	*
	Where is Miss Crain?	*

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

I don't know... She left early this morning. Aikido practice.

KIDO

Aikido practice?

FRANK

The dojo on Mission Street.

Kido exchanges a look with the other man.

KIDO

Were you aware her half-sister, Miss Trudy Walker, was engaged in treasonous activity?

FRANK

I didn't really keep in touch with her. Neither did Juliana.

The Soldiers have finished their search.

KIDO

This is a national security matter, Mr. Frink. The penalties for perjury are severe.

FRANK

I'm telling the truth.

KIDO

I hope so.

He lets himself out with the others. Frank leans against the shut door, relieved -- for now...

CUT TO:

A BUS wipes frame, revealing --

JULIANA

Standing on the sidewalk. A dusty main street, "Welcome to Cañon City" sign arching across the road. The Sunrise Diner down the block.

CUT TO:

Juliana finishes breakfast. She reaches for her purse to pay the check. Then remembers her WALLET IS GONE.

She bites her lip. Looks at the lanky BARMAN, 40s. Thinking.

ANGLE - THE BARMAN

Toothpick in his mouth. Juliana approaches.

JULIANA

I'm so sorry, but I can't pay for breakfast.

The Barman gives her a long-suffering look.

BARMAN

You what?

JULIANA

Someone stole my wallet, all my money. I'm really sorry.

BARMAN

This ain't a charity, lady.

JULIANA

I know... I'm really embarrassed.

BARMAN

How you going to pay me?

JULIANA

I told you, I can't.

BARMAN

Wrong answer. How you going to pay me?

Juliana looks at the window. A "Waitress Wanted" sign.

JULIANA

I... I guess I could work for it.

He looks from the sign back to Juliana.

BARMAN

You have any experience?

JULIANA

I learn fast.

74 CONTINUED:

74

He sighs.

BARMAN
What's your name?

Juliana hesitates. Then --

JULIANA
Trudy. Trudy Walker.

BARMAN
Alright, Trudy. Grab yourself an
apron.

JULIANA
What, right now?

BARMAN
You got anything better to do? *

PRELAP the sound of a PHONE RINGING -- *

75 EXT. SUNRISE DINER - **EARLY MORNING 3** 75 *

Juliana at a PAY PHONE, listening to it ring. *

JULIANA
(under her breath) *
C'mon, Frank... I gotta talk... *

INTERCUT -- *

76 INT. FRANK & JULIANA'S APARTMENT - **EARLY MORNING 3** 76 *

Frank at the window, coffee in hand as he watches KIDO *
conferring with a SECRET POLICEMAN on the sidewalk below. He *
listens to the phone ringing. Moves toward it. *

FRANK
(under his breath) *
They're bugging the line. You can't *
call me, Jules. *

As he YANKS THE CORD FROM THE WALL -- *

77 OMITTED

77 *

78

INT. SUNRISE DINER - DAY 3

78 *

Joe enters, walks past the counter, noticing a MAN WITH A LINED FACE, 50s, poring over a book as he eats. Joe takes a seat in a booth. *

The Barman gives a prompting look to Juliana, still tying on an apron. She grabs a coffee pot, hurries to Joe's table -- *

JULIANA
Coffee? *

Joe meets her eyes. Smiles. *

JOE
Yes, please. How many eggs you got back there? *

JULIANA
(pouring coffee)
I don't know. Plenty. *

JOE
Good. Bring me a a whole plateful. Over easy. *

JULIANA
OK. *

JOE
And a bunch of bacon. *

JULIANA
Coming right up. *

She starts off, stopped by -- *

JOE
Hey, you ever been to New York? *

JULIANA
Never. Why? *

JOE
You look familiar. I could swear I've met you before. *

JULIANA
I can swear you haven't. *

Joe watches Juliana's figure as she walks off. Attracted to her. Then looks to the Lined-Face Man. Wondering if he's the man he's here to meet. *

79 OMITTED 79 *

80 OMITTED 80 *

81 EXT. SUNRISE DINER - DAY 3 81 *

Juliana steps outside, surprised to find Joe waiting for her. *

JOE *

You off work? *

JULIANA *

For now. *

JOE

Can I buy you a drink?

From behind his back, he holds up two LONG-NECK BEERS. *

JOE (CONT'D) *

(smiles)

Still think I know you from
somewhere...

Off Juliana, wondering if this could be Trudy's contact -- *

CUT TO:

82 EXT. MAIN STREET - CAÑON CITY - DAY 3 82 *

Juliana sits on a wall with Joe, beers in hand -- *

JOE *

You're not wearing a name tag. *

JULIANA *

I'm... Trudy. *

JOE *

Trudy. Pleased to meet you. Joe. *

Joe offers his hand, playfully formal. As they shake -- *

INTERCUT:

83 *EXT. LARIAT SHIPPING - DAY 3* 83 *

An unmarked van lurches to a stop, engine idling. Something is thrown on the sidewalk. The van screeches off. DOC steps out. Turns over -- DON WARREN'S DISFIGURED CORPSE. *

JOE

How long you been in Cañon City,
Trudy?

JULIANA

Just got here, as a matter of fact.
How about you?

JOE

I'm just passing through. That
truck over there's mine.

84 *EXT. STREET - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY 3* 84 *

Randall hurries past bleachers and bunting, in place for the visit of the Crown Prince and Princess. Sees Japanese POLICE OFFICERS following him. Passes -- *

Rudolph Wegener who steps outside a hotel, lights up a cigarette. Thinking. *

JULIANA

You seem kind of young for a truck
driver.

JOE

My first run. I'll head back to New
York after delivery.

Juliana stares at Joe. Trying to decide who he is --

85 *INT. OFFICE - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY 3* 85 *

Tagomi at his desk, throwing yarrow stalks to consult the I Ching. He looks at the divination, frowns, while --

A86 *EXT. STREET - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY 3* A86 *

Randall rounds a corner to escape the Officers. Runs right into MORE OFFICERS. Blocking his way. Off Randall, CAUGHT -- *

A86 CONTINUED:

A86

JULIANA

You... you weren't looking for anyone named Trudy, were you?

JOE

No...

JULIANA

This is just... You really just wanted a beer?

*

JOE

Yeah, why? Is that so weird?

Juliana shakes her head, disappointed.

JULIANA

No. Guess not.

86 INT. FRANK & JULIANA'S APARTMENT - DAY 3

86 *

A knock on Frank's door. Frank opens -- is ROUGHLY GRABBED by Soldiers. BEATEN and HANDCUFFED. Dragged outside.

Joe remembers something, looks at his watch.

*

JOE

Aw, crud.

*

JULIANA

What?

*

*

JOE

Be right back.

*

*

As he sets down his beer, Juliana watching him go --

*

87 EXT. FRANK & JULIANA'S APARTMENT - DAY 3

87 *

Doni, the Teenage Boy from the dojo, stands beside Inspector Kido. Face bruised, he looks at Frank with guilty eyes -- he told Kido about the satchel Juliana was carrying. Frank is dragged inside the back of a van, doors SLAMMED SHUT --

A88 EXT. SUNRISE DINER - DAY 3

A88 *

Joe in a phone booth, listens to the PHONE ringing, then connect.

*

*

(CONTINUED)

MAN (O.S.)
You're late.

JOE
I tried calling before.

MAN (O.S.)
I'm relieved to hear your voice. *

JOE
Me, too. You died pretty good back
there -- *

CUT TO:

88 INT. RIKERS ISLAND - HALL - DAY 3

88 *

The Man on the other end of the line turns to camera -- it's the BALD, HOOK-NOSED GESTAPO OFFICER -- *the man we saw Joe shoot and kill at the garage.* Not dead after all.

JOE
Thought maybe I used the wrong gun. *

The Officer smiles, hands the phone to Obergruppenführer Smith. *

SMITH
How was your journey?

JOE
No one stopped me.

SMITH
Then your cover's intact. Our
little show has persuaded the
Resistance you're one of them. *
I'll tell your father, Joe. I know
he'll be proud. *

JOE
Thank you, Obergruppenführer. I
hope so.

SMITH
Heil, Hitler.

Joe looks through the glass, at Juliana waiting for him down
the street. Turns his face away. *

JOE
Heil, Hitler.

(CONTINUED)

END OF EPISODE

*